

TAYLOR'S
ARITHMETICK;
FROM
ONE to TWELVE.
WITH
A Sollid Discourse
BETWEENE
TESTERDAY, TO-MORROW,
TO-DAY, & A LOVER,



LONDON,
Printed in the Yeare, 1657.

ART. 1. THE

FROM

ONE TWELVE

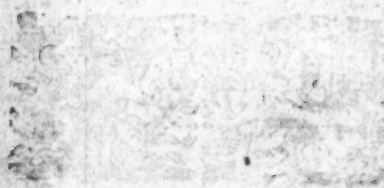
WITH

A SECOND

BETWEEN

THE TWO

TO DAY & A LATER



LONDON

Printed in the Year 1825



Taylor's ARITHMETICK, &c.

I 0 00 000 0000 00000 000000
 N the first line you nought but Cyphers see,
 10 100 1000 10000 100000 1000000
 But (adding One) they more then Cyphers bee:
 And take that One from them, what are they then?
 Just nothing (Cyphers) as they were agen.
 So some who were but Cyphers in estate,
 One set before them rais'd them to some rate,
 To tens, to hundreds, thousands, thousands ten,
 From Cyphers unto millions, mounted men.
 One rais'd up Numbers, Numbers laid One low;
 Thus (with Vicissitude) goes weale and woe:
 Now that One's gone, some are left bare and poor,
 Just nothing, Cyphers, wanting One before,
 And is it but for One we make this moan?
 (Before us now are many more then One)
 But One did make me something, then I had
 Supportance from One to be fed and clad;
 But many (many sins) a Cypher made me:
 Just nothing (nothing) ten years hath been paid me.
 Coyne is mans earthly life, life's Nerves and Sinewes;
 And I should have some from the Crowns Revenues,
 For which I've su'd, and su'd, but have it not;
 The fault's not mine, 'tis my unlucky lot.
 And I might seek again (if I were mad,)
 And have as much as formerly I had.

Were I as free from want as cleare from hate,
 I would not with an Alderman change state :
 But cares and wants in Troups assault me thick,
 Fast numbring with my poore ARITHMETICK.
 Thus upon One a little I have plaid,
 Yet more of One a little must be said.
 The Father's One, One like wise is the Son,
 The Holy Ghost One, and all three but One.
 One Faith there is, (he that hath two hath none)
 And in the Firmament One Sun, One Moone.
 Man hath One soule, one Corps, One head, one brain,
 One Tongue, One heart, (some very Knaves have twain)
 One Life, (one span) if one inch more it be,
 It stretches to unmeasur'd misery :
 The World's but One, and that's a Cypher round,
 And nothing but a Cypher 'twill be found,
 All shall lose, All do lose, all have lost,
 Who shall, doth, hath the false world trusted most.
 If in Jerusalem One man had bin,
 That had lov'd God, and striv'd to shun all sin,
 Th' Almighty on them would compassion take,
 And spare the City for that One mans sake ;
 But as the Psalmist truly made his moane,
The Lord beheld none doth good, no nor ONE.

On the number Two.

Two Natures the most High, most blast did beare,
 The Godhead great, the Manhood pure and cleare.
 Man hath two substances, both soyl'd and foule,
 A body cloy'd with crimes, a sinfull soule)
 He hath Two Eyes to see, Two Eares to heare,
 Two hands to work, Two legs the rest to beare;
 He hath Two choices, Life, Death, Good or ill,
 (Yet hath no free will to chuse which he will)

He that can only
Mans will to chuse the good, and shun the harme.
Two lives. Two deaths, Two temporall, Two eternall,
Two wayes from hence, Coelestiall, and Infernall.
I could speak more of Two, and more of One,
But Three calls for me, and I must be gone.

On the number Three.

Three is that blessed Trinity, and I
Do beg the blessing of that Trinity.
Three times the Apostle *Paul* with Rods was beaten,
And Three times suffered Shipwrack, death did threaten,
Three are the Graces Theologicall,
(Or Vertues call'd Divine Coelestiall)
Faith is the Creed, and who so holds that fast,
Hope (the Lords Prayer) Gods gift will crown at last,
And Charity obediently presents
Her service in the Ten Commandements :
These Three are th' Handmaids of Salvation ;
These guide men what to do, or leave undone ;

On the number Four.

The Four Evangelists, the Story pen'd
Of him who ne're began, and ne're shall end :
His low discending, his high Pedigree,
His Innocence, wondrous works, and misery;
His sufferings, and his bitter Death and Passion,
To free poor sinners from deserv'd Damnation.
Four Vertues Cardinall, Justice, Fortitude,
Prudence, and Temperance, these Four include
All mans perfection here, from these proceeds
Th' effects of our best thoughts, our words and deeds.
Four quarters of the World, are *Asia*,
With Affrick, Europe, and America,

North, South East, West, South, and South-west
 Foure seasons round about the yeare doth bring,
 The Summer, Autumn, Winter, and the Spring.
 Foure Elements, Fire, Water, Earth are three,
 And th'Aire (unseen) which no man e're did see.
 Foure Dispositions, Dry, Moist, Hot, and Cold.
 Foure strange Complexions, (humorous manifold,)
 Intemperate Sanguine, Lazy Phlegmatick,
 Sad mad Melancholy, rash Cholerick,
 And various mixtures of those foure Complexions,
 Possesseth us with contrary affections;
 And which of these foure humours are most in us,
 The same to Vice or Vertue still doth win us;
 And were there not worse Knaves then foure ith' Cards,
 (I mean no Dukes, or Dons, or Lords, or Lards)
 The grieved peoples plaints had not been such,
 And Englands miseries not halfe so much.
 Thus having done with Foure, I think it meet,
 To fall to worke on Five to Fill my sheet.

Op the number Five.

Blest He (whose Grace and Glory hath no bounds)
 For's Enemies receiv'd Five mortall wounds.
 Canst he that with both tongue and teeth doth teare
 That glorious Name, and by those Wounds do swear,
 And forswear too; those cursed sons of *Caine*,
 Do Crucifie Christ every day againe.
 He that's the Bread of life, the living Bread,
 He that Five thousand men with Five loaves fed,
 He whom Five Virgins wisely waited on, *Mat. 25.*
 With Oyle in Lamps: Five foolish ones had none.
 Five Sences in our body he hath plac'd,
 To Heare, to See, to Smell, to Touch, to Taste;

But

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But all those Senses senseless men do use,
The gracious giver of them to abuse.
Men never were more cruell, mercilesse;
Never more Pride, or vain voluptuousnesse;
Hypocrisie is mask'd in Robes of Zeale,
And Avarice preyes on this Nations weale.
Blinde fortune in her wisdom thought it fit,
To give some all, and many nere a whit:
Though times be dangerous for an honest man;
With Gods help I'll passe through all as I can.
And thus my fingers Five do make an end
With Five, because on Six I must attend.

On the number Six.

Six I'll be briefe with, for my mind I fix,
To write more large of Seven and short of Six:
Six dayes th' Almighty did preordinate,
To be the time the whole world to create:
He said but *Let there be*, and every thing
Was made for Man, and he made Man sole King
Of all the Creatures, but he quickly fell,
He against God rebel'd, all things rebell
Against him for't, he 'th lost both Grace, and place
In Paradise, and all his wretched Race
Unto his sinne Originall are Heires,
Increas'd still with the actual sins of theirs,
For which the Curse was, Man his bread should eate,
With Six daies worke in Seven with toyle and sweat,

On the number Seven.

Since the Creation still (from Age to Age)
Seven is a number of most high preface:
Amongst all dayes the Seventh was chiefest blest,
A resting Sabbath, type of endless rest,

The Planets (in their revolutions) seven.
 The 7 Starres in the Firmament of Heaven.
 Pharaoh's 7 (dream'd leane Kine devour'd 7 fat,
 And want and plenty Joseph found by that. Gen. 41.
 Yea more than forty times Leviticus } As the 12. 13.
 Doth in 6 Chapters mention 7 to us. } 14, 15, 16, 23, 25.
 Six times Eliab's man went out in vaine, 1 King. 18. 44.
 He went the seventh time, and brought newes of Raine.
 Seven Priests, 7 times did with 7 trumpets blow,
 And then fell down the walls of Jericho. Josh. 6.
 King David 7 times every day did praise Ps. 15. 164.
 The Lord for's judgements just, and righteous wayes.
 Th' Assyrian Naaman (at the Prophets word)
 Did wash himselfe 7 times in Jordans Ford,
 Because he did the Seers command obey, 2 King. 5.
 His loathsome Leprosie was cur'd straightway.
 The Widdowes 7 sons in the Maccabees, 2 Mac. 7.
 In lives and deaths renown'd for constancies,
 Perditions 7 taught by our Lord Supernall,
 Include all blessings, temporall and eternall,
 Christ (in compassion) in his Passions grief,
 Spoke 7 sweet words to the believing Thiefe;
 Then he who paid our great Redemptions price.
 Said, this day shalt thou be in Paradise: Luk. 23. 43.
 These 7 words were Celestiall Gileads Balme,
 Midst storms of death and hell, a blessed calm.
 One said to Christ, shall I forgive him free,
 That hath done 7 offences against mee?
 The answer was, those that will happy live,
 Must 7 and seventy times (and more) forgive;
 Thus seven times seventy plainly doth expresse,
 If man remit, God quits sins numberlesse.
 Seven Asian Churches in the Revelation,
 Seven Angells in them to preach mans salvation.

Seven golden Candlesticks, with heavenly light,
To guide us from the wrong way to the right:
These sevens, and many more each man may view,
In Gods two Testaments, the Old and New,
Man hath seven Ages, first his Infancy,
Puerillity, Mans state, Youth, Gravity,
Old age, and state decrepit, these seven are
From Birth to Buriall our appointed share ;
And every seventh yeare we may justly call
Our lifes division Clymaftericall :
And nine times seven, of yeares are sixty three,
Mans dangerous age, and death as oft we see.
And ten times seven amounts to seven times ten,
Just *Dauids* span the common age of men :
Thrice seven yeares past that time, some may survive,
Till grieve and sorrow unto death them drive.
Seven are the Sciences, so call'd indeed,
Because from them all other Arts proceed.
Seven are the deadly sinnes, whose root and stem
Grew first in hell, and all sins else from them.
Seven were the wisest men ere Gotham had,
But England hath seven thousand sevens as mad.
Seven Sages once in Greece renown'd, admir'd
For wisdom, (in these times not much desir'd,)
Rome once had seven wise Masters, they are dead,
Seven thousand Knaves and Fools left in their stead.
Seven Wonders had the world since it began,
But the eighth wonder were a righteous man.
Seven Saxon Kings this Kingdome once obey'd,
But ne're had peace, till one the Scepter sway'd.
Of Sacraments the Roman Church hath seven,
Here onely two directs the way to heaven.
A holy Prophet long ago fore-told,

Seven Women should upon one man take hold.

*Mat. 4. 1.
Which*

Which Propheſſie is very neare fulfil'd,
By bloody wars thousands of men are ſlill'd,
By Sea and Land death doth to men befall,
Beſides the common way that's naturall;
Males are in multitudes of life bereft,
That one man for ſeven Womens ſcarcely left,
The Seven Electors at an Emperours choice,
Are Seven to make up a prevailing Voice.
Seven years Apprentiſhip the Law ordain'd,
Whereby men have their freedoms here obtain'd.

On the number Eight.

When the old World was drown'd, Eight then ſurviv'd,
And from thoſe Eight the new World was deriv'd.

On the number Nine.

'Tis plainly and undoubtedly expreſt,
Nine ſorts of people certainly are beſt.
Ingratitude Nine Leapers did deſile,
Their Leaproſie was not ſo loathſome Vile.
Nine are the Muſes and the Poets bliſſe,
They make him ſing his minde a Kingdome is;
But in that Kingdome's not one foot of ground,
Or any thing eſteem'd if it be ſound;
The pur-blind world, and Fortune holds it fit,
That Reverend wealth ſhould make a Foole of Wit;
Becauſe each Poet wants a good *Mecenas*,
I live and lack, and wander like a leane Aſſe.

*Mat. 5.
Luk 17.*

On the number Ten.

The Ten Commandments are the Law Divine,
(To keep thoſe Lawes, good Lord our hearts incline,)
But from theſe Ten, ſhould Ten men each pluck one,
'Tis to be fear'd that leſt we ſhould have none.

The

The Atheist (which the Psalmist saile doth call)
As he believes will have no God at all.
Th' Idolater will stock, block, Idols have
To save him, though themselves they cannot save.
The Rearer that delights to damn and sweare,
From the Commandments he the third would teare.
The Sabbath-breaker would pluck out the fourth,
The fifth with Rebels is of little worth,
The sixth the Murtherer would stab and wound,
The seventh the hot Adul'ter would confound,
The Thiefe would steale the eighth away, and then
False witness spoyle the ninth : and for the ten,
The Wretch that's covetous would rend and bite,
And pluck the rest in pieces if he might.
Thus would these Ten (this cursed Catalogue)
Each race out one, and spoile the Decalogue.

On the number Eleven.

Man seems to know (by Art and study great)
Eleven long steps from th'Earth to Gods blest seat :
The first step to the Moone, and secondly,
He mounts unto the sphere of *Mercury* :
The third staire he to *Venus* Orb doth soare :
And fourthly, to the Sun make one step more :
The fifth to *Mars*, the sixth to *Jupiter* :
The seventh to Melancholy *Saturns* sphere :
Eightly to th' fixed stars h' ascends on high :
And ninthly to the *Primum Mobile* :
The tenth step to the Heav'n call'd *Crystalline* :
And last where never ending glories shine.
Here's knowledge with mans Ignorance so tainted,
He nothing knows, nor with himselfe's acquainted.

On the number Twelve.

Twelve Patriarks, Twelve Prophets, and Twelve Tribes,
These sacred Twelves the holy Writ describes.

Twelve Gates hath heavenly new Jerusalem, *Rev. 21.*

Each Gate's a whole Pearle (unvalued jem:)

Twelve thousand Furlongs, the Walls are, foure square,

And in each square three of those Pearle Gates are.

Twelve Angels, Twelve Apostles, Twelve Foundations,

That all Believers from all Lands and Nations

May enter there, from North, South, East, and West,

And there be glorifi'd with endlesse Rest:

God grant the Writer, and this Reader may

Keep there an everlasting Holy-Day.

Those blessed Twelves in Twelve lines I have Pen'd.

And thus my poor ARITHMETICK doth END.



Too late to call back YESTERDAY:

AND

To MORROW Comes not Yet.

*The words fancied in a Dialogue, supposed between a
LOVER and the DAY.*

Lover. **Y**O, Yesterday.

Yesterday. Who calls?

Lo. A Lover.

Yest. Why?

Lov. Deare Yesterday come back.

Yest. Lover, not I.

I dare not so transgresse against Times Glasſe;

Lov.

Low. One word — but one word.

Yest. Not one, let me pass.

Low. By the Dews that deck'd thy Locks:

By thy Herds, and by thy Flocks:

By Times oft well-taken Lock:

By the Swallow, by the Cock:

By the dainty languag'd Lark:

By every thing that hates the Dark:

good Yesterday come back.

By thy faire and lovely face:

And by the Sun which gave that grace:

Sweet Yesterday come back.

Yest. What should I doe?

Low. I gave my Mistris vows, nay, and tears too;

Bring them all back, for (O sad truth to say!)

She seem'd true then, I finde her false to Day.

Yest. What's this to me? their griefs they past cure find
Who (to give Love Eyes) strike their Reason blind.

Low. I stain'd thy faire face with a foul sin, bring
but that then back.

Yest. Foole! hope for no such thing:

Go grieve, go weep, and let thy tear-stain'd face

Court Mercy, and beget thee new to Grace:

For, to repent is ne're too late, all say;

But 'tis too late to call back YESTERDAY.

Low. Why then (my blinded Reason to restore)
I'll leave to Love, and love to sin no more.

To-Morrow comes not Yet.

Low. Since then YESTERDAY is gone,
To MORROW wing thee, haste come on.

To-Mor. I must not looke to Dayish face.

Low. Yet good To-Morrow mend thy pace.

To-Mor. I dare not. *Low.* Why?

To Mor. If I too swiftly passe,
I presse Times Sand too hard, and break his Glasse.

Lev. By my hopes to thee extended :

By the fears of men condemned :

By the Joyes thou bringst along :

By the Griefes that with thee throng :

By the promis'd meetings made :

By the money thou't see paid :

By their gladness that receive it :

By their sadnesse that do leave it :

By those sweet Maids languishings :

To whose beds thine Evening brings :

Kinde Husband, good To Morrow make haste.

To Mor. Why ?

Lo. Shall I tell thee merrily ?

With thee my Lands comes to my hands,

and sums of money store ;

With thee I'll Laugh, Caper and Quasse,

and never make a Mistresse more.

To Mor. This hastes not me, I must perforce refuse thee :

Better not see, then see me and abuse me.

Lev. Why then, To Morrow, make a friendly haste,

And my wild, rough, old Will, I will new cast :

I that To Day am practis'd in the Trade

Of sin, I will To Morrow be new made :

Therefore to Morrow make haste.

To Mor. Thus some say :

We are found worse To Morrow then To Day.

When Verbalists subdue our easie Trust,

We Plough in Sand, and Write our hopes in dust :

Dissembler cease, swift sows we soon forget ;

Repent To Day, To Morrow comes not Yet.

Lo. Why then (to shun / succession of my sorrow)

I'll be new made To Day, yet mend To Morrow.

To Day, while I may.

Lov. Well met to Day,
Why such great haste?

To Day. To please

The longir eyes of the Antipodes.
Yesterday & their Day, in joy and sorrow,
And I that am thy Day, I am theirs to-morrow!
The round-fac'd world is look'd on by us three,
I pursue yesterday, to-morrow mee.

Lov. Yet good To-Day do not so swiftly slide
By the Causes this Day tride
By thy Beauty; and by all
Thy dainy deckings; by the fall
Of thy sweet fertile showers; and by
Thy againe unclouded eye:
By the Birds that sing thy grace,
By the Windes that fanne thy face;
By thy foure and twenty steps,
By thy minutes active leaps,
By my intended goodnesse, and
By times strict observed sand;
Since 'tis too late (as all men say)
To call back gadding yesterday,
And since to-morrow comes not yet,
To my paine a Period set
Being left alone to thee
Good to-day stay, be kinde, and pity mee.

To-Day. And why (important Pleader) should I stay?

Lov. I feel another change, we thinke, To-Day;
My soules deare Lover calls for me, his choice,
And I desire To-Day, to heare his voyce:
Inlarge not then my griefes by thy neglect,
But let my high cause court thy kind respect.

T. P.

To Day, This must be, farewell, I cast away;
Lovers call for me, *Amelia*.

Lov. Why then dear Lover of my soule,
(Since I cannot Times controule)
Seek thy sheep, lost in this worlds blackey round,
Seek him that doth desire to be found.

Christ. Why woud'st thou me have sinners hope to speed?

Lov. True Lord, a sinner, yet a broken Reed.

Chr. Thy life is spotted, foule, and black as night;

Lov. True Master, but thy life was Virgin white;
By thy loves my hearts delight.

By thy unmatched excellence,

By thy victorious patience,

By thy comely silence, when

Thou (my God) wert scorn'd of men,

By that sweet and saving look.

Thou didst cast back on *Peter*, look

Me in thy mercy, let thy Grace abound,

Seek him that doth desire to be found.

Chr. Tell me, oh thou for whom I bled, I see
A Majesty in thy humility;

And therefore tell me, my lost sheep, be true,

And tell me where thou feed'st, a tear or two

Will bring thee back; or if thou'rt gone astray,

Ile send a voyce behind thee, that shall say,

This is the way walk in't.

Lov. I am not in

A Spicy Garden, but a Sea of Sin;

I feed not Lord among the Lillies; no,

I feast with mine own follies: Since as lo,

That yesterday I was lost in this ground,

And being not sure to-morrow to be found,

Dear Master and good Shepherd mind thy paucers,

Finde me today, and take me for thy paucers.

FINIS.